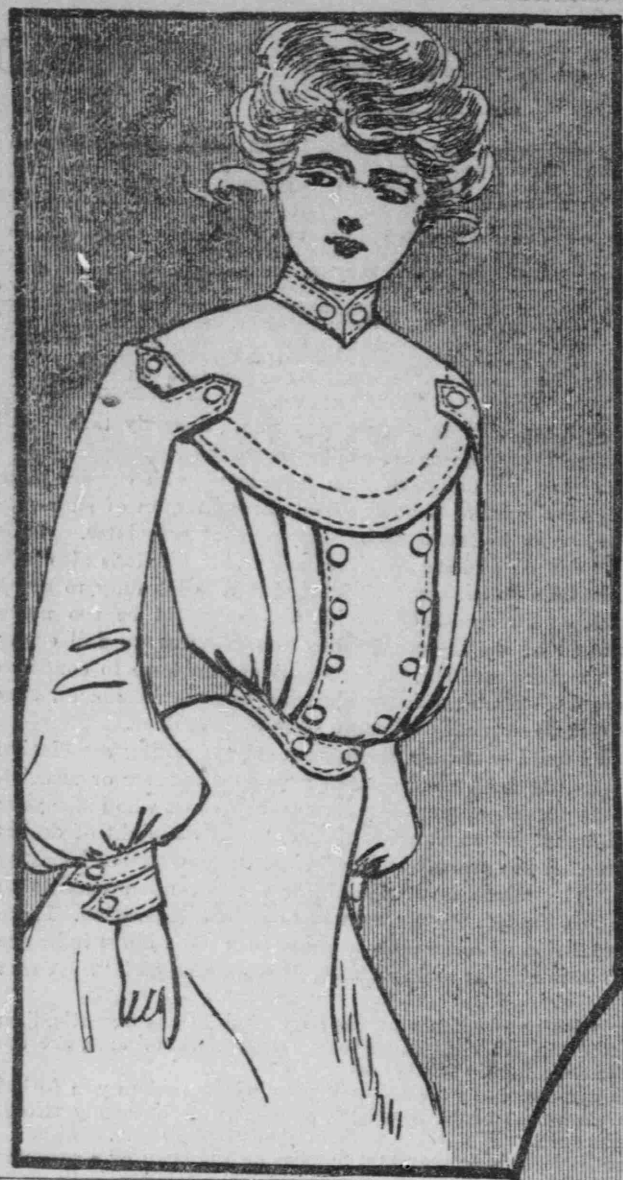


THE NEW VESTINGS FOR SHIRT WAISTS



Some Beautiful Cool Weather Materials for Shirt Waists Which Can be Made at Home

ONE of the newest materials for shirt waists for women is the basket-weave cotton vesting, such as men have worn for years. The stuff is washable, of course, and may be had in white and all the plain colors, likewise in tiny black and white checks and in the new plaids.

It is heavy, and thus is particularly appropriate for cool weather wear, and is of a soft texture that is half its charm. Waists of this material are made without lining. Many are ornamented with tiny pearl or bone buttons, either colored or white. All are elaborately stitched by way of trimming. These vestings make very smart blouses for the tailored suit.

The sketches show some of the newest. The first on the left is of blue stitched with white silk and finished with white silk buttons.

The second is of dark blue, with white stitches and strappings of the vesting. Blue bone buttons give a decorative touch.

Dotted white vesting, with black bone buttons to match the dots, forms the third blouse. The yoke effect gives it a smart appearance.

The fourth is of white, the only orna-

mentation being the tiny white pearl buttons. The next is also of white stitched with black. Lastly, a striking combination is shown. It is white piped with scarlet and having scarlet bone buttons.

FASHION'S LATEST WHIMS.

THE different way in which women of various nationalities wear their clothes is an interesting subject for reflection. The English, the French and the American woman each wears her clothes with a difference, denoting by the poise of a hat, the draping of a veil, the shape of a boot, from what country she claims her descent.

The Parisian is noted for her smartness and generally chic bearing, for her good corsets and her faultlessly neat appearance. The American is particularly upright in her carriage, albeit her erectness seems independent of corsets, and she is not so fastidious about the shape of her waist, drooping easily and naturally. She is faithful to gauze veils and long, pointed shoes. Of the Americans a Paris dressmaker said: "They have faith, figures and brains; faith in our judgment, figures to fit, and brains to pay with." Russian women are also favorites with the Parisian modistes. Many of their clothes are ordered in Paris.

There is a new assortment of jeweled and beaded bags to be fastened at the belt or carried in the hand, which totally eclipse those of the past. They are most elaborate and artistic, and gorgeous enough to adorn the Oriental princess. The shah of Persia was so impressed with these new bags that he took back from London a large consignment of these glittering trifles to his wives and the women of his court. Some of the most striking of the small bags are of Persian embroidery in gold frames. These are from \$50 up for a single bag.

These lovely October days French women are hunting with the men. Almost every one who is a part of the gay chateau life in the country takes with her from Paris her gun cases and hunting costumes. And, it is whispered, her enthusiasm is not so much because of the sport as because she knows in her stunning hunting costume she is irresistible in the eyes of the men. There could be nothing more charming than the leather gaiters, the short tweed skirt, the belted Norfolk jacket and the soft felt sombrero worn by beauty when hunting. To wear this novel costume is worth all the trouble of prowling over the open country in search of game.

A new idea for the silk collarette that fills in between the flimsy chiffon ruffles of the summer and the fur of the winter is a box of black taffeta crushed in the form of large poppies. These have centers of bebe ribbon, put on as hanging bunches. Two poppies, side by side, make up the width of the box, which falls almost to the waist, and is finished with long black velvet tassels of bebe ribbon. Another new substitute for the summer ruffle is a cape-like collar of black taffeta over a second collar of white taffeta, bound

at the edge with black. The cape, if it may be so termed, is like a very big double sailor collar, the outer collar being finished with hemstitching.

Concerning gloves, light shades of drab and fawn kid, with white pearl buttons, will be worn. For driving large quantities of doeskin gloves have been stocked, which means that they will be the correct things for motorists. They are warmer than the ordinary kid glove, and very soft to the hand. A three of four-button glove remains the correct length, since sleeves are to the wrist, the mousquetaire being no longer used for day wear. A shade of banana yellow is affected in doeskin gloves, and also in the glove of ordinary kid. Dark brown, formerly a favorite color, is now rarely worn.

Those who are in Scotland just now would do well to collect cairn gorms, for there is likely to be a demand for them by and by. Lady Archibald Campbell, who has a passion for things Scottish, wore at the coronation, not diamonds, but cairn gorms. People are beginning to realize their beauty, the deep, burning orange and the soft, lustrous white being equally admired.

An extremely pretty frock for a small girl is box pleated. The blouse is pleated on a yoke, the sleeve is pleated on a cape which covers the shoulders, the lower end being gathered on a long cuff; and the skirt is box-pleated on a yoke that is pointed back and front. It is short, only covering the knees, the pleats giving it the graceful flare characteristic of the accordion-pleated skirt.

In consequence of the fact that the purchaser of an elegant wrap wants of it that versatile elegance which makes it suitable for the afternoon and evening function, the theatre, restaurant, etc., the driving coat displays a tendency to pale colorings and embroideries. A particularly handsome long coat of biscuit colored zibeline is faced with handsome dark sable and finished with yellow silk piped button tabs. The lining is of cream satin. Another striking long coat is of putty-colored cloth lined with cream satin and trimmed with galons of white, green and gold. The collar and facings are of green velvet, the tassels of green silk, the buttons of silver. With these coats the furs worn may be the lovely fleecy white fox.

Among revivals of old fashions and materials the return of rich brocades is notable. The old brocades are being built into cloaks by Parisian makers. The more closely they resemble furniture brocade the better. Some Parisian opera cloaks are now made of stuffs that hung years ago in gorgeous salons. The bands of gold around the head, with spear-shaped pear or some such ornament falling on the forehead, just



as the beauties of the long ago wore these bands, are being revived. These are notably picturesque.

If you are making your winter night gowns of twill silk—which, by the way, outwears any other material—lace collars lined with a contrasting shade of silk give a pretty finish at the throat.

Another pretty idea is a collar, finished with a deep hem of a contrasting shade of silk. Pinks, blues, mauves and yellows are all washing colors, but you must choose a good make of silk. If you wish to have a fast dye, imitation Valenciennes lace is, after all, the best and cheapest trimming, and it is almost impossible nowadays to tell the difference between the real and the imitation. Extravagant people are using washing satin for night gowns, and also a Liberty satin with cashmere back. This last is ideal for winter.

A belt pin in the form of a jeweled safety pin, with the monogram of the wearer, has been designed to wear on the front of the waist, and not at the back. Many of the enameled brooches in the form of flowers have pendants formed of turquoise, pearls and other stones in the matrix. Hatpins are jeweled.

The scarf has taken the Frenchwoman by storm. She wears them about her shoulders as they were worn by a past generation. They are twisted in and out of the hair, and are made to assume the form of a Romney belt. One clever Frenchwoman fastened a Limerick scarf in her hair with a jewel and let it fall over her skirt. Being beautiful, the effect, though daringly novel, was good.

SOME NARROW ESCAPES.

Well Known People Who Have Been Very Near to Death.

There are few well known people in the world whose lives have not contained at least one incident that they will remember to the last day of their lives.

The experience may have lasted a day, an hour or but a moment, yet it

impressed itself indelibly upon their minds.

Rider Haggard, says the Philadelphia Press, is now leading a peaceful and unromantic life as the mildest-minded man could wish to. Yet he can tell two stories of thrilling adventures that are as curdling as some of the tales he publishes.

The one incident of his life with which he connects his narrowest escape from death happened in South Africa, over a quarter of a century ago. Haggard was master of the Transvaal high court, and in this capacity he was sent on a mission to a distant mountainous district, which was thickly infested with murderous and blood-thirsty natives.

Before he started on his journey he was informed that he would be waylaid and killed.

There were two roads by which he might travel to his destination, and by good luck he chanced to choose the way to safety.

On the other road a band of natives was lying in wait for him, resolved to torture and kill his entire party. The suspense of that night journey, when at any turning he might meet death face to face, can scarcely be pictured, but Mr. Haggard recalls every moment of it with a reminiscent shudder.

Mary Anderson, now Madame Navarra, can recall a terrible episode of her early childhood in Kentucky, which, by almost a miracle, just escaped being a tragedy.

One night, during her father's absence from home, two burglars, who had already committed several murders, broke into the house and, seizing the child, threatened to kill her unless her mother would deliver up all her money and valuables.

The mother's hesitation would have precipitated the tragedy, but the mother saved the situation and her child by

promptly handing everything of value over to the burglars.

Bennett Burleigh, an intrepid war correspondent, whose work for English papers during the civil war gave him a great reputation, numbers among his experiences that of one night which he says is as fresh in his mind as if it had been but yesterday.

He was then taken a prisoner by the federal troops and lay under sentence of death in the prison of Fort Delaware.

He resolved on escape. After considering many plans he resolved upon the most desperate.

Underneath the floor of his cell was a sewer which ran directly into the Delaware.

For days he worked on this plan, halting half the time in deadly fear lest the guards should hear him.

But at length the floor was ready for raising and the night of the attempt was at hand.

When darkness had fallen he raised the floor, dropped beneath it into the sewer and was carried, more dead than alive, into the river.

He swam for hours in the cold and darkness of night, and finally landed safely near Salem, N. J.

Merely a Suggestion.

(Chicago News.)

"Man proposes and woman disposes," remarked the young man who gets quotations twisted.

"Well," replied the beautiful blonde on the other end of the sofa, "I'm disposed to do my part if some man will do his."

Three minutes later she had him landed.

Rubbing It In.

(Philadelphia Press.)

He—If you refuse me I shall put a bullet through my brain.

She—The idea! How could you?

He—I suppose you think I'm talking like a crazy man?

She—Oh, no, like a sharpshooter.

HINTS FOR GIRLS WHO TRAVEL

ONE of the first lessons the girl needs to learn is how to travel without looking untidy. To the novice this seems impossible. All the dust sticks. Her clothes lose their freshness and she does not understand the secret of spending twenty-four hours on the train without presenting a generally demoralized appearance at the end of her journey.

The experienced traveler will always carry with her cold cream and almond meal. The latter softens the hard water and enables her to keep her hands clean. Cold cream smeared thickly on the face and neck at intervals, rubbed in well and removed with a bit of absorbent cotton or an old handkerchief, removes the coal dust and cinders.

As for clothes she will not wear white shirt waists or cotton gowns on the train. One plain China silk blouse of a color to harmonize with her walking skirt is the thing. The latter should be of mohair, which can be brushed clean in an instant. She should wear a thin gauze combination suit if the weather be warm, a heavy one if neces-

sary, and carry as many more as the trip demands. For comfort she should wear a more girlish for a corset, the latter being too stiff to wear with comfort throughout the day.

Pongee "knickers" are better than petticoats. They roll into a mere wisp at night, and China silk corset covers may be worn for the same reason. Slouch, easy shoes, Turkish slippers, to wear to the dressing room at night and to rest the feet occasionally by day, and a soft cap, to be worn in the stead of the hat, and a long, plain, dark China silk wrapper, to wear at night and to the dressing room, complete the necessities in the way of dress.

Lavender salts and a vial of aromatic case of headache. It is a good idea to skip breakfast or luncheon and merely eat figs and a graham biscuit. It is a mistake to overload the stomach when obliged to sit all day in a car. Always, when the train stops long enough, hop out at an important station and walk swiftly up and down the platform.

By following these simple directions it is possible to travel with ease and comfort.

A Tale of Duck Shooting.

We had been hunting for ducks on the upper Schuylkill river, and had failed to bag a single one. We were warm, tired and disgusted, and in the mood when a hunter will kill anything. When paddling around a bend of the stream, we saw a little clearing, a log camp, and a long, lank old woodsman who was seated on the bank complacently smoking a cornucop pipe. Directly in front of him a flock of tame ducks were swimming in the river.

"Heavens and earth! I've a good mind to take a shot at those tame ones," said my friend. Then raising his voice he called out to the man on the bank: "I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me have a shot at those ducks."

"Hand over your dollar first."

"It was done, and my friend let fly both barrels, almost annihilating the flock."

"You didn't make much on that deal," said my friend.

"Oh, I dunno. I don't care. They ain't my ducks. They belong to the Frenchman up the river."